

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Helen's Persistent and Needless Worrying Clouds Her Enjoyment of Their Trip.

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This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Uner for four years. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," appearing exclusively in this paper, is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Uner.

WITH relaxing weariness Helen lay between the cool smoothness of the linen sheets, surveying the luxurious appointments of the room.

The paneled walls, the gray-enamelled furniture, the dull blue of the velvet carpet and silken bed quilts—even for this ultra-smart Philadelphia hotel the furnishings were most expensive.

On a low table between the twin beds stood a lace-shaded light, a telephone and a brass plate with the electric call buttons, "Chambermaid," "Valet," "Waiter."

"Dear, you don't have to 'phone down for service," as Warren, in pink-striped pajamas, came out of the bath. "Did you notice these buttons?"

"I noticed those new-fangled faucets," irritably. "Don't know yet how the blasted things work."

"Why, they just push back. Didn't we have those in that hotel in Montreal? But we've never had a room like this." Then anxiously, "Do you suppose he made a mistake about that rate? This must be more than five dollars a day."

"That's what I asked for," with a shrug. "Don't know what he gave me. Well, we're pretty comfortable—guess we can stand for the price. One night won't break us."

"We'd be just as comfortable in a simpler room, and you know the restaurant here will be high. I don't suppose they'll have a club breakfast." Then, after a moment's silence, "Oh, Warren, COULD he have thought you meant five dollars each?"

"Now for Heaven's sake don't start worrying about that. How do you want these windows?"

Opening all three of the long French windows, Warren gulped a glass of ice water and thrust his watch and wallet under the pillow.

"Hello, that's a new where," noticing a silk tasseled rope that hung against the wall between the beds. "What the deuce is that for?"

"Oh, don't dear!" as he started to pull it. "It may be for fire."

But an experimental jerk flashed off all the lights except the one on the bedside table.

"Hub, the next thing we'll be turning on the bath in bed—with a cute little bell to tell when it's full."

In the now darkened room Helen lay gazing out at the cornice of a towering building across the street. The hurried excitement of the unexpected trip had left her nervously sleepless.

At noon, Warren had 'phoned to ask if she wanted to go with him to Philadelphia. He was going over on his five o'clock train, in the hope of catching Mr. Clawson at his office.

Helen knew vaguely that Mr. Clawson was a most elusive capitalist, very difficult to get at, but whom Warren had succeeded in interesting in a paper mill controlled by one of his sons.

"Dear, if you can't get him at his office," her voice vibrated the black stillness, "won't you try to see him at his home?"

No answer. Warren was sound asleep.

With feminine pessimism, Helen anticipated every possible obstacle. Mr. Clawson might be ill, or out of town, or too busy to see any one. But Warren had positively refused to write or wire for an aversion to making appointments was one of Mr. Clawson's many peculiarities.

The expenses of a possibly fruitless trip loomed ominously before her. Their recent week-end at Atlantic City had cost over seventy dollars, and now even a day and night in Philadelphia would run into extravagant figures, for Warren would never travel economically.

They had left a call for 7:30, and after a restless night Helen was awakened by the shrilling telephone.

It was a dark, misty morning, with a sooty, smoky smell of "downtown" city streets in the air. Closing the windows, she switched on the lights to dispel the gray gloom.

A plunge in the quickly-filled tub, and she was through with the bath before Warren was fairly awake.

"Dear, do hurry! You say he's at his office before nine."

"Well, I'm not going to break my neck," yawningly tousing his hair. Then a few moments later from the bathroom, "Where's my shaving brush?"

"Isn't it there? I put all your shaving things on that glass shelf."

"No brush here."

A flustered search through the suit case failed to reveal the brush.

"Can't you shave without it? I'm afraid I didn't put it in."

"Hub, in disgusted comment, 'I'll have to get shaved downstairs.'"

"Oh, that'll take so long," anxiously. "It's a quarter of eight now."

"That's all right, I'll keep tab on the time. Here, how'd you get the water out of this blooming basin?"

By eight o'clock Warren was dressed and ready to go down.

"I'll get a shave and meet you in the breakfast room in twenty minutes. Know where it is, don't you? To the left of the elevator."

Apparently most of the guests took breakfast in their rooms, for when Helen entered the white and gold-marble-columned restaurant, only a few tables were occupied.

"No, I'll not order," as the head waiter seated her. "I'm waiting for my husband."

There was no club breakfast, but after a prolonged study of the menu Helen decided that the prices were not so high as she had expected.

"Ordered yet?" Warren came in with brisk alertness and an air of morning papers. "Well, let's get things started here," as he picked up the breakfast cards. "Strawberries or grapefruit?"

"I don't believe I care for fruit," economically.

"Two orders of strawberries," ignoring her protest, "one tomato omelet, one broiled blue fish, toasted muffins and coffee. And push it along, will you?" to the solicitous waiter.

"Dear, it's quarter of nine. Why don't you telephone now while we're waiting? You said he got there before nine and sometimes stayed only long enough to open his mail. Oh, it would be dreadful to come all the way here and then miss him!"

Glancing at his watch, Warren pushed back his chair with an irritable, "Oh, all right, if it'll stop your stewing. But next time I'll keep my business arrangements to myself."

The waiter was just serving the

strawberries when Warren strode back and flung himself into his chair with a shrugging, careless:

"Clawson won't be at the office today. He's out of town or going away this morning—couldn't quite make out which."

"Oh—oh," in despairing dismay her premonitions realized, "then you've had your trip all for nothing."

"Looks that way," covering his strawberries with the rich yellow cream. "Got to take some chances. Mighty fine berries—best we've had this year. They've got the real flavor."

Undisturbed by his disappointment, Warren dispatched his breakfast with hearty enjoyment, but Helen ate almost nothing. Her worried anxiety over the expenses of this profitless trip had taken her appetite.

"If we hustle, we can make that ten o'clock train," announced Warren as they left the dining room. "You go on up and pack while I settle the bill."

At ten minutes of ten they were in a taxi, covering the few blocks to the Broad Street station.

"How much was the room?" asked Helen apprehensively.

"Five plunks—no extras. There's one of your worries that missed fire. We want to remember that number—303, wasn't it? That's a star room for five dollars."

Though Warren had the tickets, there was a slight delay in getting parlor car seats. They made the train just as the gates were closing.

"Twelve and fourteen? Yes, sah, second car ahead," the porter led the way with their suit case.

As they passed through, Warren was stopped by a distinguished gray-haired man, who rose and greeted him cordially.

"Mr. Clawson, I want you to meet Mrs. Curtis."

"This is quite a surprise, Mrs. Curtis," with a hearty hand grip. "I was going to New York just to see your husband."

In fluttering elation Helen settled herself with papers and magazines, while Warren and Mr. Clawson sought the smoker.

Her first sensation was one of thrilled relief at this fortunate and unexpected turn, for in the long two hours to New York they would have a much better chance of conferring than at Mr. Clawson's office.

The magazines lay unopened in her lap as she gazed out at the flying flashes touched by the sunlight, now struggling through the leaden clouds.

Her exultant relief was waning into the realization of how much she had missed. Their trip was over. She might have enjoyed every moment, for she loved these unexpected outings and a night at a big hotel. But she had spent the time in worrying—in futile, unavailing worry.

Would she never learn to put things aside? Must she worry over all the trivial details of the home—and Warren's business, too?

"I want some papers out of here! Get the key!" Warren had hat tilted back and a cigar in his mouth, was dragging out the suit case.

"Oh, dear, is it going to be all right?" fumbling for the key.

"We're down to brass tacks already," with a grin. "Got him just where I want him." Then as he found the papers and started back to the smoker, "You'll have to dig up something else to stew over—this is going to be a cinch!"

Jumping back to avoid a scratch from Miss Pussy.

"Meow, phist!" and she stood up, looking very funny, indeed, with the water still trickling down her face. She gazed around, not knowing what to do nor even now realizing how narrowly she had escaped drowning.

"Isn't there some kind little girl here who will take her home and cuddle her up nice and warm?" asked Puss Junior, looking around. "Isn't there some little girl who would like a pussy too a pet?"

"Oh, let me have her!" cried Little Bo Peep, running out of the crowd. "Since I've lost my sheep I've just been longing for a pet to play with," and, pinking up pussy in her arms she ran off to her home.

"Well, this ought to be a lesson to every boy here," said Puss Junior, "to let poor pussy cats alone. Where is Tommy Green?"

"Oh, he ran home," answered two or three boys in chorus. "Well, you tell his father for me," said Puss Junior, looking very fierce with his whiskers standing out straight and his tail twice its natural size. "To duck Tommy in the drinking trough, so he'll know how it feels himself!" and Puss Junior picked up his cane and resumed his journey of adventure.

That whooping cough is caused by a bacillus has been discovered by two European physicians.

"I guess she's all right now," he said.

With these words he rolled her over and over on the grass, for he remembered having heard this was the first thing to do to bring a drowning person to life.

His work was soon rewarded by a faint "Meow!" and the small sufferer opened one eye. Puss Junior worked harder, and soon had her very much alive, for she began to scratch and bite, thinking in her bewildered, wet condition that she was in one of her favorite cat fights.

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TO URGE VOCATIONAL SCHOOL.

Cranch-Tyler Association Will Hold Meeting Tomorrow Night.

The needs of a vocational school in the southeast section of the city will be presented to the public at the first evening meeting of the Cranch-Tyler Home and School Association tomorrow night at 8 o'clock in the Tyler School, Eleventh street, near G street southeast. The Southeast Washington Citizens' Association will co-operate.

Edward F. Colladay, president of the Federation of Citizens' Associations, will be the principal speaker. Henry P. Blair, Ernest H. Daniel, John B. Larner, William T. Gallier, Mrs. Susan Root Rhodes, Mrs. Edith Kingman Kern, members of the school board; E. L. Thurston, superintendent of schools; Stephen E. Kramer, assistant superintendent, and Dr. H. M. Johnson are expected to be present. The Naval Gun Factory Band will furnish music, and refreshments will be served.

TO VISIT FRIENDS' SCHOOL.

Representative Fess Will Talk to Graduates in Meeting House.

Representative Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio, will address the graduates of the Friends' School on "The Claims of the Times Upon Our Educated Young Men and Women" in the Friends' Meeting House on Friday night, May 19. Musical selections will be rendered by the Girls' Glee Club. Diplomas will be presented to the following graduates by Thomas W. Sidwell:

Henry Morris Zook, Margaret Shriver Dodge, Margaret Alles, Adrienne Louise Low, Mah Norton Barber, Lucy Gillingham Buckman, Katherine Chapman, Charles Gordon Kennedy, Edna Catherine Madel, Margaret Claire Norton, Katherine Shoenmaker and Charles C. Smith.

More than 12,000 students are taking courses in agriculture in the colleges of the United States.

TO AID BLIND STUDENTS.

Trinity College Names Committee to Seek Support for Scholarships.

Mrs. O. Albert White, Mrs. J. J. Walsh, Miss Ellen L. Dorsey, and Mrs. John J. Noonan were named a committee to devise means for the support of scholarships for the blind in Trinity College at the meeting of the auxiliary board at the institution yesterday afternoon. Mrs. White is the chairman of this body.

Mrs. Thomas J. Cutler, president of the auxiliary, and its members mapped out the work for the coming year of the different groups of members who are working for the Anna Hanson Dorsey Scholarship.

Trinity College will entertain the members of the convention of Ohio Auxiliary of Notre Dame, which convention will convene on August 28 for one week.

Except along the Caspian coast. Persian agriculture is dependent almost entirely on irrigation.

GOLDFISH IN NET.

Large One Said to Have Been Caught in a Lake.

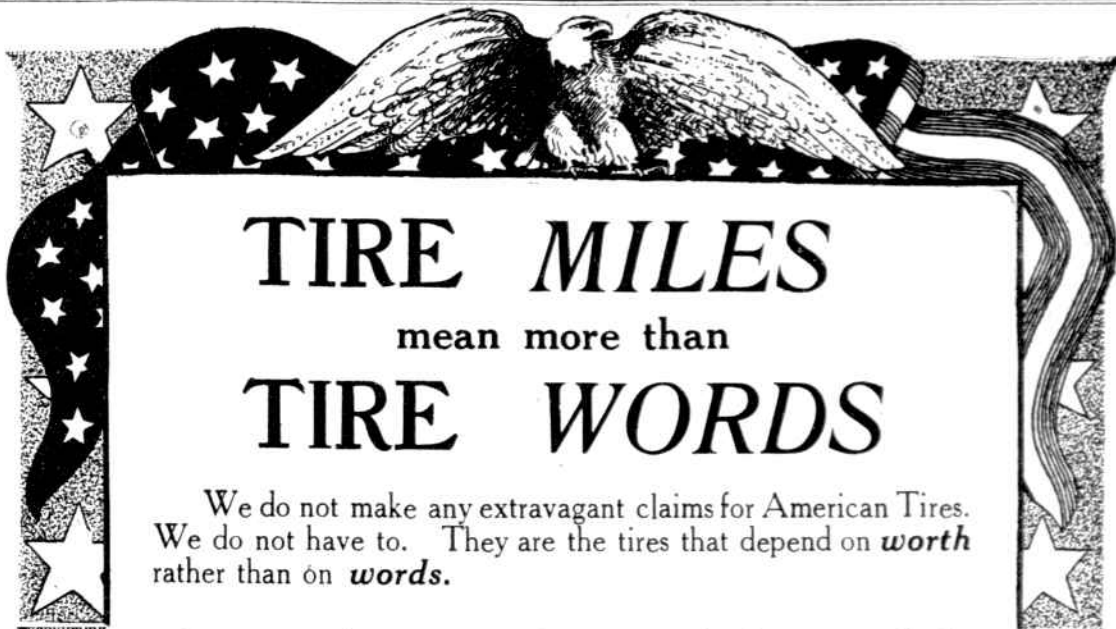
Port Clinton, Ohio, May 7.—The latest thing in fish stories involves the catching of a gold fish that measures twelve inches in length, by Ruthard Hayes in one of his nets in the lake. It is the largest fish of its kind ever caught here and is thought to have escaped from a park aquarium, possibly at Belle Isle.

A few days ago a couple of gold fish were landed here, but they were much smaller and did not have the real gold color.

This fish is still alive. It is on exhibition.

Savings Bank at School.

New York, May 7.—William M. Simmons, principal of Public School No. 34, Dupont street, Brooklyn, has just established a savings bank in the school. The bank boasts of more than 400 depositors, and every day new accounts are opened by the pupils.



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BEDTIME STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES

PUSS IN BOOTS, Jr.

By DAVID CORY.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper)

Before turning the corner in the road after leaving the meadow, where he had seen the low jump over the moon, Puss Junior looked back and waved his cap at the little cat with his fiddle who sat on the fence playing his, diddle diddle.

Whereupon she changed her tune to "Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye." Puss Junior waved again in response and continued his journey.

Presently as he approached a pretty village he heard the church bell tolling, "Ding, dong, bell."

As he came nearer he saw a crowd of people standing around an old well on

the village common. "What can be the matter?" he thought. "Something must have happened." Just then a small boy ran out from the crowd crying:

"Pussy's in the well!"

At this Puss Junior hurried forward, and, elbowing his way through the crowd, arrived just in time to see them lift a poor, wet, pussy cat out of the well and place her carefully on the grass. She lay very still, her eyes tightly closed and her pretty fur all soaked with water.

"Who put her in?" he asked angrily, leaning over the motionless form of poor pussy.

"Little Tommy Green," everybody answered at once.

"What a naughty boy was that! To drown a poor pussy cat, who never did him any harm."

"Who put her in?" he asked angrily, leaning over the motionless form of poor pussy.

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